

# GRADUATION SET FOR JUNE 9th

## Community Chorus Debut a Success

The Salisbury Community Chorus presented its first public performance on Monday evening, May 5, 1952. The program was so well received and so successful the group has been approached by organizations that would like to sponsor future programs.

The chorus, which numbers around sixty voices, was heard in a diversified program under the direction of Mr. Charles Showard, Minister of Music at Bethesda Methodist Church, and Miss Margaret Black, Interim Director of Music at S.T.C. Mr. David Kidder, Minister of Music at Asbury Methodist Church, acted as accompanist and Miss Dorothy Elvay Keller, harpist, presented several solos.

The Community Chorus is open to college people. Students and faculty who participated are William Horner and Mr. Gebhardtshauer, tenors; Miss Addis and Mrs. Cauffman, altos, and Mr. Martin, Mr. Cauffman, and Frank Pierce, basses.

## J. C. A. NEWS

Dr. Maurice C. Fleming, a faculty member at S.T.C., was elected president of the Maryland Association of Junior Colleges at the fifth annual spring meeting held here Saturday, May 10.

He succeeds Prof. Florence C. Wilmer of the University of Baltimore.

Born near Pocomoke City, Dr. Fleming was raised in Westover and taught at Crisfield High School from 1936-40. From 1940 until 1946, as a member of the faculty of New York University, he earned his first doctor's degree in science education.

Dr. Fleming joined the faculty here in the fall of 1946 and has taught science and education. On April 28, this year, Dr. Fleming was awarded a second doctor's degree at NYU in administration of higher education.

His wife, Dr. Jessie Saib Fleming, also received her doctorate from New York University.

Approximately 75 teachers and students attended the all-day session held at the college. Represented were Baltimore Junior College, Montgomery Junior College, Junior College divisions of State Teachers' Colleges at Frostburg, Towson, and Salisbury, and the Junior College Division of the University of Baltimore.

## S. T. C. To The Rescue

In reply to Jimmy Wilson's outstanding article entitled "Help" in last month's issue of your paper, the students of S.T.C. really came through in a big way. On Tuesday the 27th day of May, the mixed chorus, Quartette, and various other performers, among them Tom Williams, Ed Prettyman, Lloyd Fry, and a host of others went to Deers Head Hospital, where they put on a show which was another illustration of their fine performances. The event was so arranged that something was going on on both floors at the same time, which necessitated having two master of ceremonies. These jobs were ably filled by Al Moran and Bob Wills.

This function brought home to the participants the points which Jimmy so ably expressed in his column, and we join Jimmy in pleading, with all our heart, that those of you who have not visited Deers Head to entertain, do so. Not only will you make the lives of the patients a little brighter, you will also discover, perhaps for the first time, how well off you really are. If you really want to get a feeling of accomplishment and good will, pitch in and "Help."

## New Class Officers

Since the new amendment to the SGA constitution calls for a full slate of officers to be elected in the spring for the coming year, the class elections on May 22 resulted in twelve new officers.

Most important of these elections, of course, is the one for the incoming senior class. Raymond Stoops, vice-president this year of the junior class, was elected to the chief office with Jack Johnson as his second in command. Ardath Bartholomew and Charles Butler were elected as secretary and treasurer respectively.

The incoming junior class elected Charles Navatril as their president with Don Crouch taking vice-president honors. The secretary and treasurer posts will be filled by Betty Lou Townsend and Bill Kniceley.

The sophomore class of 1952-53 elected Don Mattingly as their chief representative. This election was backed up by the selection of Bob Denston, Betty Smith, and James Hastings to fill the minor offices. It is, of course, this class which will be in charge of initiation week for the freshman next fall.

## Lions Praise Student Show

At the request of Dr. May, a group of college students presented a show in the Mid-Ocean Room of Johnny's and Sammy's Restaurant on the by-pass on April 18th, for the Salisbury Lions Club, which was celebrating its 29th birthday by having the "Lionesses" in for Ladies' Night. The performance was a success. From the Lions', the following letter was received by Dr. Blackwell stating their satisfaction.

"On behalf of the Salisbury Lions' Club, I feel you would be pleased to know that the outstanding entertainment provided by some of your students at our recent ladies' night was thoroughly enjoyed and greatly appreciated."

"Miss Margaret Black and Mr. Tom Williams, directors, are certainly to be complimented for bringing us such a splendid group of performers."

"Many of our members and guests have told me that it was one of our best entertainments, and that they feel that they had not realized such talent was being developed right here in our local college."

Signed)  
Victor O. Davis,  
President

To show their gratitude for such a show, the Lions' presented our SGA with a 75 dollar check. This check was returned, since the executive board and administration felt the college should not receive money for shows of this nature.

## Cash and Carry

In the past years at STC, the bookstore has maintained a policy of allowing students credit at the beginning of the school year. This policy has proven to be more of a liability than an asset. Many hours have had to be spent going over credit cards and checking on students who do not pay their debts promptly.

Beginning the school year 52-53, the bookstore is going to set up new rules as regards doing business with its student customers. No credit will be extended to students. All goods must be paid for at the time of purchase. By following such a policy as this, the management feels that much money can be saved the students in man hours consumed in checking credit cards and sending out notices to the students.

## Guest Speaker At Graduation

This year the seniors will have as their guest speaker Dr. Ethel J. Alpenfels. Dr. Alpenfels is associate professor of education at New York University, specialist in anthropology for the Bureau of Inter-cultural Education, and serves on the Educational Policies Commission. Not only is she well known as a professor, but also as a popular lecturer and writer. She has contributed many articles to prominent educational magazines as **The National Parent Teacher and Child Study**.

Following the main address given by Dr. Alpenfels, Dr. T. J. Caruthers will present the candidates for the Bachelor of Science degrees; Dean Howard E. Bosley, the candidates for the Associate in Arts degree. President J. D. Blackwell will confer the degrees and the diplomas will be awarded by Mr. Jerome Frampton, Jr., member of the State Board of Education.

The Reverend Carlton M. Harris, pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, Salisbury, will give the Invocation and Benediction.

## GALLOP POLL PARTIALLY VALID

Using the SGA presidential election as a guinea pig, Dr. May's applied psychology class has proven that gallop polls are not always valid. The results of this poll favored Holsberg and Truitt for the final balloting, but, as all the students know, the final run-off was between Holsberg and Fry.

This experiment was conducted so that each class was sampled to see which candidates were carrying the majority of ballots. Ten members from each class were asked by the experimenters whom they were voting for. The results favored Holsberg and Truitt. Another interesting outcome of this gallop poll showed that the ladies were largely in favor of Mr. Holsberg, while the men showed a preference for Mr. Truitt.

## Orchids To

Roy Esiason for a terrific year-book.

Those students who devoted their time for the show at Deers Head, Tuesday, May 27th.

The college quartet for their usual outstanding performance in follies.

Dr. Blackwell and administra-

## Graduation Ceremonies

On Monday, June 9, 1952, Salisbury State Teachers College will hold its Thirtieth Annual Commencement ceremonies. This year's graduating class numbers twenty-four persons, all of whom receive their Bachelor of Science Degree. The Degree of Associate in Arts will be presented to another ten. Mrs. Jessie Overton is the honor student.

The Baccalaureate Service will be held Sunday, June 8, 1952 in the auditorium at 3:00 p.m. The Reverend Hamilton P. Fox, D.D., the District Superintendent, Wilmington District, Methodist Church will deliver the sermon. Special music for the service is under the direction of Miss Margaret Black. The S.T.C. Male Quartet will sing "Spirit of God, Descend Upon My Heart". "He Shall Feed His Flock" by Handel, and "Be Near Me Still" by Hiller will be sung by Miss Ingrid Esterson.

The Commencement Program, held in the auditorium, will begin at 10:30 a.m. The program includes songs by Miss Joan Stiles; "Dedication" and "By the Bend of the River", and by the S.T.C. Quartet and Miss Stiles, "I'll See You Again", and "Alma Mater". Those students to receive degrees are as follows:

### B.S. Degrees

#### Junior High Certificates

Earl Arthur Brown, John Wilson Day, Samuel M. Ellis, Jr., Roy E. Esiason, Robert Charles Fithian, Betty Frances James, Curtis Gilbert McDowell, Howard Lee Tyn-dall, Jr., William A. Whaley and David Leon Pearl.

### B.S. Degrees

#### Elementary Certificates

William M. Adkins, Pauline E. Bradford, Thurman Hearn Dennis, Daniel J. Elliott, Helen Shepherd Groton, Elnora Katharine Hoffman, Virginia A. Kosinske, Joyce V. Late, Jessie Horner Overton, Charlotte Bowen Shahan, George Lloyd Walstrum, Barbara Faye Webster and Doyne Robert Wills, Jr.

### Sophomores Receiving

#### A.A. Degrees

Roger Morris Ayers, Jr., Donald Lee Crouch, Royce Eugene Culver, Creston S. Long, Robert Herman Majors, Milton Woodrow Payne, Mildred Elizabeth Patton, Donald Alan Pirie, Harry J. Spicer, Jr., and James Taylor Williams.

tion for the excellent cooperation given student body throughout year 51-52.

Student teachers who survived the ordeal of a year's teaching.

The student body for their splendid work this school year.

# HAPPY VACATIONING



## THE HOLLY LEAF

Published Monthly at S.T.C., Salisbury, Maryland

Editor-in-Chief ..... John Day  
Associate Editor ..... Virginia Kosinske  
Copy Editor ..... June Sherwood  
Layout Editor ..... Howard Cheek  
Reporters: Barbara Jones, Stewart Harrison, Jayne Thompson, Jimmie Wilson, Sharon King, Joyce Late, Willie Carey, Ingrid Esterson, Beverly McNamara, Bob Sawyer, Oliver Rhine, Kathleen Gordy, Joan Stiles, Jimmy Hillman, Tom Williams  
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Faculty Advisor ..... Dr. John B. May

## AS THE EDITORS SEE IT

By INGRID ESTERSON

You have had complaints, Seniors, and there have been bigger places and careers with more important sounding names than that of teacher. Perhaps there were moments of indecision, when you forgot the heart of every country its common folk—folk who sell bolts of cloth, store apples, clip hedges—teach children.

But you made it, didn't you, all the way! And now it is time to ring a final bell, leave a final class, and graduate. This final graduation is the most rewarding, and yet saddest, part of all. Perhaps it will be the last time, ever, that you will be classified in a group and called a "senior." It took four years to acquire that title; you're going to feel stripped, when it is taken away from you so suddenly. Four years—yet you look about at some things now as if you have never seen them closely enough before. (A friend's face, Nurse Wallace's frilly cap, sun on the sill and the surface of your desk in history class). It is as if you are just realizing how much you have learned, how much the little things have contributed—and how much you have learned here. May God speed you and guard you and help you to apply your education.

## COLLEGE GROWTH

When the senior class, now graduating from STC, entered the college in 1948, they entered a college which in its entirety consisted of one building. The students slept, ate, and attended classes in this building. Throughout their four years at this college, this class has seen many things begin to grow. A Student Activity Center has been added to the school. A new men's dormitory now ornaments our campus, which has expanded extensively, and money has been allocated to the college for the construction of new buildings and the improvement of old ones.

All the growth of our college throughout these four years has not been of this tangible structural nature. Since this class entered STC as freshmen in 1948, other growth has taken place which is even more noticeable to this graduating class. This growth is in the form of school spirit in the college. Attitudes of the students have changed. Cooperation has grown steadily and all the students have begun to take an interest in their college and college life. How can this growth be explained? Much of this growth can be attributed to a broad-minded administration and faculty which has cooperated well with the students. But the administration alone cannot make an institution grow in this sense of value. The students must cooperate. In the past year student cooperation at the college has been marked by the presentation of student shows which have enlivened our college life and taken the name of the college before the public, giving it recognition of its existence in the community. Our student operated bookstore is in the black, and no longer is operating as a liability on the students. It is now in a position to make money for the

students. Our yearbook has been improved immensely. The college glee club, upon making public appearances, along with the quartet and men's chorus, is proudly claimed by the students. All of these things that have happened can be attributed to a few people who have taken the lead and are setting up standards for future students to meet. To these people should be extended a congratulatory hand, as well as a word of congratulation to the students who have cooperated so well with them in the interest of our college.

Our college has just begun to grow in these intangible values. Perhaps it is the student body that has just recently entered STC that is the core of all this activity. Maybe when these people leave STC, the college will regress to a point of inactivity. But this regression will lie in the student body now attending the college, from the freshmen class through the incoming senior class. Through these classes this spirit can be kept alive in the succeeding classes to enter STC. Remember, once standards are set for groups to live up to, these standards are more easily upheld. The student body of STC should in the years to come, demand good glee clubs, demand good student shows and better publications. Through these things pride will grow in the students leaving STC, and perhaps some of it will rub off and rejuvenate and enliven an inactive alumni association. The officers you have put in office this year are all well chosen and capable. With your cooperation next year, these officers will do an outstanding job. Also remember, your best leaders (as has been demonstrated this past year) are not always found in student offices. Recognize these leaders and take the lead yourself and help to build an in-

## SPOTLIGHTING STUDENTS



He's got a provocative cowl right in the back of his brown crown and an inimitable laugh which has been rocking the walls of S.T.C. for nigh on to four ears. You're right! The spotlight for this month falls on that appeasable personality, Bob Wills — formally known as Doyne Robert Wills.

Appropriately enough this notable figure made his appearance in this world on Feb. 30, 1931, between the birthdays of two of our country's leaders. Hmm-mn-mn! Nevertheless, six years after this event, Bob's family moved from Leonard to the Naval Reservation, Indian Head, Md. Here he grew up proving to be exceptionally precocious as a child, illustrated by an incident where he wanted to emphasize his physical prowess, broke several limbs and was indisposed for several weeks.

In high school, Bob managed the basketball team, wrote for the school newspaper and won the honor of receiving the P.O.D. reward. He was graduated in 1948 with an academic diploma. Beginning at S.T.C., Bob shunned the idea of education as a profession and earnestly studied with the aspiration of transferring to another college. By his second year, however, Bob was convinced that teaching wasn't "too bad" and he entered the field with his usual determination of making good. He insists that he was just another worm—bookish one, of course—which could be possible since he received an achievement key that year. As President of the Sophanes Players, he proved his ability in extracurricular activities to be just as significant as his accomplishments in subject matter.

We all remember the Bob from last year, as it was he who played our favorite requests on WBOC's program, "Records Rendezvous." This year Bob has been busily engaged in all the turmoils of student teaching as well as accepting, and efficiently handling, all of the responsibilities of Senior class president.

He has maintained the attitude of "why worry" throughout his lifetime, although it has rewarded him with fruits which show a great deal of concentration and earnest endeavor. After the inevitable time spent in the service, Bob hopes to continue in education—probably in the administrative field.

Today Bob's the one who loses the game for our favorite team; the one who is always crying joyfully, "let's go teach;" the one who always has another five minutes for "just one more hand;" and one whose hobbies in photography and record collecting make life bearable at times; the one who appreciates jokes enough to make the narrator feel his talents weren't wasted and the one whose success in whatever he does will be expected and achieved.

stitution you will hate to leave when the time comes for your graduation.

## The Tapeworm's Friend

By Betty Lou Townsend

There was a girl sitting at our lunch table in my sophomore year in high school who complained incessantly of having a tapeworm. She had stringy, blonde hair and wore steel-rimmed glasses, and in my opinion could never appeal to anyone, much less a tapeworm. But I suppose tapeworms aren't interested in the charms of their keepers.

She had taken all kinds of medicine to kill the pest, but he probably thought if she could take it so could he. She ate ice cream by the pint and it always caused her to burp. Sometimes just a single burp but more often twice in succession. I had a feeling the second burp was coming from the tapeworm. Her meals must have been a constant nightmare; worrying over what to eat that might satisfy both she and her friend. She was so good-hearted she couldn't bear the thought of giving him indigestion or heartburn. Her attempts to sleep night were quite discouraging because, as she said, "the tapeworm had insomnia and his restlessness kept her awake to the wee hours. He was probably just hungry and wishing she would raid the refrigerator for a nice, juicy midnight snack."

So of all topics of conversation to discuss at the lunch table, she had to give daily discourses on the habits of her passionate, parasitic friend. I have always possessed what I call a "cast iron" stomach and paid little heed to her talk, but eventually it got on my nerves to the point where nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have reached over and choked her, tapeworm and all.

I give her credit for one good thing. She never entered into the regular channels of school gossip, probably because no secret confessed to her could ever be entirely confidential in view of the fact that she had a silent, unseen listener.

I couldn't imagine what a tapeworm looked like, although I should have from biology class. I pictured him as having a flat head, popped eyes, and a malicious grin in his face. For that reason I loathed to look at her while she was talking, though curiosity usually got the better of me. I expected at any moment to see the tapeworm poke his head through one of the spaces between her teeth and leer menacingly at me as if to say, "But for the grace of God, this could have been you!"

I haven't see that unfortunate girl since school days, but I often wonder if she still harbors her intimate and constant friend. Maybe by now she has become more optimistic about her plight and realizes that after all—"Two can live as cheaply as one." She has one consolation—she'll never be lonely.

## Through The Keyhole

FLASH: Pantie Raid Craze Sweeping Eastern Shore.

We really hate to wind up Snoopy up for this year, but we are assured of someone to take over current issues of interest come September.

Polly Bradford is having quite a time this semester. One thing we can say about Polly is that she is the most unprejudiced girl we know.

Nick Carter would have done justice to the dormitory last Saturday night had he been here. As it was, the mystery of the hoodlums remains unsolved.

Who holds the key to Debbie's pony yale locks? Can you "Reel between the lines?"

The President of the Speech class is integrating his work with one of the local bridge players. Hearts are trumps, too.

What happened on the Freshmen picnic last Friday night? We heard that quite a few female fatalities were using their charms (or arms.....).

We must comment on the student body at large. Not many people have refused to sign our worthless yearbooks. This is a good thing which prevails at S.T.C. Dannie's "chop-chop" has been going to town in soft ball this semester. Must be that old chop has been inspired.

We mustn't forget that best wishes are in order for Faye Webster. We'll leave John O'Brien's comment out. The only thing he's a shark at is bridge and new suits.

Ollie and Luke must be trying to save Uncle Sam some money. They're going G.I. on us already. It's very becoming, fellows?

Just as soon as Willie gets over the "willy's" she comes down with another serious attack.

Why is our cagey little Registrar hoarding cigars?

Pfc. Bob Overton's comment upon hearing of his wife's case of measles replied, "Jessie, you could have at least gotten a more adult and dignified disease." That's all right Jess. we thought they were tired perfectly.

We have word that Joe Brown is having complications due to his psychology case study.

Willy Truitt is number one on the hit parade lately (in more ways than one). Now he's cutting the wax for Raymond "love-em-all" Stoops. Speaking of Bill being on the hit parade, Ray is specializing along soprano lines also.

With this thought we'll leave you all. Although we may have given you. Many moments of embarrassment. Accept our puns and attitudes. For they were really heaven sent.

## From The Editors

TO THE STUDENTS

## Congratulations

FOR A SPLENDID YEAR

## Senior Class Prophecy

Ahead we go, through the clouded and hazy corridors of the future to a given place known to no man. In fact No Man's Land is the scene of our first visit and there, still previewing film strips for teaching, amid the blase boredom of the filthy rich, we find none other than our own, versatile Curt ("Ennu") McIlwain; one time leader of the S. G.A. There, holding a brass-plated jet for an ash try is none other than his ever faithful secretary Joyce ("I could eat him with a spoon") Late. They are relaxing after a brief business sojourn in New Yawk!

Speaking of New York, John O'Brien, his wife and squadron of little ones are still, after ten years, recuperating from that Polish Champagne wedding up there. The water is still in the cellar of their Tony Tank abode and John pumps it out every day after teaching. Let's make our way Southward; our next stop being Dover, Delaware. Here we find Earl W. Brown, president of the Delaware Savings Bank. His chief teller is of course, Howard, ("smoke 'em by the pack") Tyndall.

Making our way westward we find perched on top of a baby grand piano, Betty James. She's still shielding herself with Moesic. With her occupying a "high" chair is ex-femme fatale, Faye Webster Ward of Baltimore.

Now for the big city. We arrived there in a co-operatively owned 1962 Caddy convertible, belonging to none other than the famous publishers of Literary Indigestion — John Day and Roy Esiasion. We were fortunate enough to dine at their penthouse and we thoroughly enjoyed Indigestion (the magazine, of course). We left their showplace and decided on walking downstairs (we were feeling quite flighty). Imagine our surprise to hear "we want Holsberg, we want Holsberg!"

On to Penscola — seat of the PROGRAMME. There we were fortunate enough to be guests at a reception given in our house by Lt. (jg) Franklin Pierce of NAVCAD fame. Old Frank is still flying high, he tells us, and loves every echelon of it. His current amusement is re-reading a copy of "Winged Victory" — for emphasis.

Now back home to the good old Eastern Shore. In Delmar we found Bob Webster patiently awaiting a fire alarm in this Atomic Age of ours. He does this only as a second to his contented wife and three children, however.

Charlotte Shahan was next on the agenda — she and Dixon are living in Salisbury and both are teaching school there. Of course she's still doing duffle-bags full of laundry.

To our surprise we found Elnora Hoffman living in Salisbury too. She married an electrical engineer and says that his personality actually shocked her. Incidentally she's still a live wire.

It is hard to say adieu to all our friends but, say it we must, and remember, the moral of this story is no one can foretell the future — no one, thank goodness!



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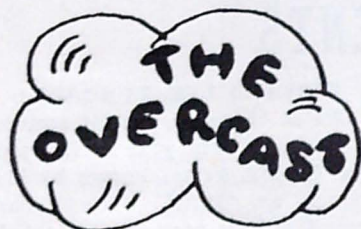


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By Jimmy Hillman

By some strange twist of fate, I picked up the 1952-53 Bulletin of S.T.C. instead of the "Weirdly-As-tounding Science Fiction" comic book that I was reaching for. I was overjoyed at finding the "What students should bring with them" section slightly modified. There is no longer a request for six all white table napkins. I wonder why? However, I regret that a few vital items seem to have been overlooked. Aside from not mentioning clothes, it completely ignored shoes. What will next year's Freshmen do? Certainly it will not do to have them gadding about in only a "blanket, spread, blotter and bureau scarf." In addition to including these necessities, I am all in favor of preparing the freshmen for college by suggesting a few luxuries to them in the Bulletin. Perhaps a good leather saddle for the Bendix would ease the pain, and conversely, an inflatable rubber cushion would keep things alive during lectures. No doubt they would appreciate the knowledge that a two-way telephone is just as indispensable as a pencil during tests. And

don't forget shoulder pads for supper. A suitable alarm clock is a tremendous asset, especially if it turns on the radio, shakes you vigorously, flings water in your face, and heaves you out the door. There are other items which probably would enrich this section of the Bulletin, but let us turn from the future to the past.

Hasn't this year gone by? It really leaves a lot of pleasant memories behind, doesn't it? All the times we sneaked in the balcony and watched the concerts. The freshman they threw off the roof during rat week. George Parks in bed, on his back, blasting mosquitoes off the ceiling with a shotgun. Hoopers Island style! Ah, yes, all the sack time we put in. Tender memories, never to be forgotten. Poker and bull sessions 'till the wee hours. Lulling strains of the piano and bass fiddle from the men's lounge at two A.M. . . . gently raising our beds off the floor. Someone's stood-up date, ringing the phone at three A.M. And the quietness that kept us awake on those few silent nights.

Say, what are you going to do this summer? With trembling hand I ask . . . WORK? I asked one fellow that and he is still under his bed screaming no, no, no, anything but that! To the few who are going to take such a drastic step, I should like to say that there are a few choice jobs with the department of sanitation, garbage truck drivers and cess pool cleaners. For the women I am happy to report there are openings for chicken pickers, tomato skinners, and oyster shuckers at nearby plants. Say, you can always go along with our lecturing explorer, Neil Douglas, and yell at icebergs! Jim Wilson is paying twenty-five cents an hour for plants in his audiences to laugh at his jokes. A sock factory has a few positions for sock tuckers at fifty cents a gross. Attention you males that love adventure. . . . The National Guard pro-



Examinations for the first semester at S.T.C. are now history. The dye has been cast and the scholars are awaiting the outcome of their semester's work. But what did you scholars do during exam week to solve the problem of study? Did you find a solution? If not, we of *The Holly Leaf* staff take great pride in giving you, for future reference, the solution proposed by Pfc. Richard David, one of our most noted columnists of the past year, now serving in the United States Air Force. Known by the older students as an athlete, scholar, comedian, musician and radio commentator, Dick presents his solution to guide you through the exams of the approaching semester. It is my policy at this time of the year to offer advice and guidance to all my young friends who are about to undertake that depressing situation known as exams. Combining years of experience with my great wisdom, I feel obligated to guide you in the proper course to follow during the hectic days which lie ahead. First throw away all the text books — they're instruments of the devil. Next, take all class notes and use

them to light cigarettes—Be sure to save the ashes. Take those and put them in an old french horn. Add three ounces of Tabasco sauce, 1½ jiggers of mustard, 1 jigger of "3 in 1" oil, 2 lbs. of Pillsbury's best, and ½ lb. muskrat livers. Push the valves of the french horn until this solution is well mixed then throw the whole business down the incinerator, then take 4 quick shots of Seagrams "7", wrap a dirty sock around your throat and go to bed, forgetting all. When you arise drink a glass of tomato juice and go to class with a smile. The smile is very important — it deceives the rest of the class. They will think you have the course cold and everyone will copy off your paper. If you happen to miss a question they will too, and it'll bring the curve down.

That is all you need to know, take it from me; I've used that system for years, it never fails. I wish you luck. Be good.

vides two weeks of frolicking merriment, with pay, at a glorious and fashionable southern resort, transportation free! If nothing here pleases you, with tears in your eyes resign yourself to employment by your local Simon Legree.

FLASH: . . . — Mr. and Miss College and all the boys at Frank's . . . It has come to my attention, from a very reliable source, that hooded invaders have made a spectacular, nocturnal appearance on our panic-stricken campus. Can this be another outrageous act of the Ku-Klux-Klan, a new angle of red subversive activities, visitors from outer-space, or merely over-indulgence in science fiction in the girl's dormitory? A parting warning . . .

When darkness falls from eerie sky,  
And werewolf sings Brahms lullaby;  
Lock your windows, bolt your doors,

## Sunny Side Up

We now find ourselves at the end of another school year and so I would like to wind up a few odds and loose ends. Speaking of odd ends, I hear that Jimmy Hillman is going to write for this paper again next year. Oh, well, he's just something STC has to go through.

The presidential timber turned out to be mostly bark. Les Holsberg's campaign crew consisted of exactly fifteen cars full of yelling students who were convinced that he was the best politician money can buy. . . . All the king's men were told by the police to hold their horns down while going through town. That's exactly what they did, hold them down. . . . While riding, someone mashed my front left fender in. That darn pedestrian . . .

After the parade there was a marshmallow roast. You know what a marshmallow is, that's an aspirin who's slip is showing. . . . (Think!) Soft drinks were passed out and when it was discovered there were no openers, fifteen car owners rushed to their glove compartments. . . . I've never seen any body move so fast since Charlie Butler found Roy Stoop's address book. . . . When asked if he wanted a bottle of pop, Tom Williams said "Sure, I never drink anything stronger than pop . . . pop drinks anything. Good Old Tom. He has the funniest memory in show business. . . .

Les was wearing a Truman sport shirt and kept in character by going around kissing all of the "babies" . . . Dr. Blackwell heard about that and said, "This kissing that's going on right under my nose must stop." Les was then given the key to the city. He already had a church key. . . . After the eats there was singing and jokes. I heard one about a sweater girl and believe me that's one yarn I'd like to unravel. . . .

It looks like some of the men around here want to get us in LIFE magazine, or haven't you heard about the raid on the girl's dorm? Their slogan is, "knock on any door." If they don't watch themselves they will get LIFE.

Down at the Riding Academy, better known as the Saddle Club, I heard that Tom Cimino is leaving us and therefore won't be with the quartet next year. I'm certain that he's just as sad about leaving as we are. Lots of luck, Tom. You're a great performer and we know that wherever you go you'll always make people happy with your talents.

Cheeko will be next year's editor. Let's all get behind him. I'm looking forward to working with you, pal, and to John and all the rest, it's been great. No, I'm not going to pull that gag about the Associated Press being connected with the Tailor's Union. . . .

Question: Why does Basset wear a sweat suit when he dances with Pie?

Statement: Miss Black is teaching Les to play the piano. I'll bet he'll master the "Missouri Waltz."

Proverb: Take it easy this summer. Remember, the bigger the vacation the harder the fall.

Hooded figures walk the floors!  
See ya all next year. I hope you've enjoyed reading this as much as I've enjoyed writing it.

## Musical Escapade

Walter Brittingham

I hesitated as I crossed the road and *fermata* (paused) to gaze up at the familiar face of No. 32. For years I had been walking in every style of motion known. Sometimes in my days of good spirit I would walk in *syncopated rhythm*, and on other days in just *regular rhythm*, past this rather drab old Georgia fronted house. Then something *double-sharp* entered my mind. Suppose the notation that I had just given the druggist was put in a place where it could not be found. Suppose that during a brief *rest*, or interval, the druggist would make a mistake in his *measures* of the deadly drug and would have to *Da Capo*, (begin from beginning) and hence would make a deadly and drastic mistake. A car hooted in a *tone* of very high pitch that shook me back to consciousness, consciousness of the sharp necessity of my reaching the pharmacy as soon as possible. Then in an *andante* (walking) pace I began to pick up a *vivo* (lively) tempo which *accelerando* (accelerated) into a *presto assai* (very quick) race against time. I had to reach the druggist before anything could happen to the prescription. I just could not *beat* into my *lento* (slow) brain that everything would be all right. Finally the store was in sight, and I began to *lento* (slow) *andantino* (slightly slower). From the pavement I started up *leger lines* to the door on the first floor; without knocking I took a *whole-step* and broke in the big room. There a *great staff* was at work. The druggist and his aide were at work and it seemed that when I broke into the room with a *meggo forte* (moderately loud) noise that I disturbed them. *Phrasing my syllables* in a *sotto voce*, (subdued voice) I began with *con energia* (with energy) and *expressivo* to explain the reason for my being there. *Staccato* (quickly) I noticed that he did not like my not trusting him with filling the prescription correctly. He quickly informed me with a *crescendo* (becoming louder) voice that he fulfilled his patient's prescriptions with much *con bravura* (bravery) and *con grazia* (with grace) coming from such practice that it was impossible for him to make a mistake.

Then in a *pastorale* (simple and unaffected) voice I explained that I was becoming a little *piu presto* (more rapid) in losing control of my temper. Then with *con tenerezza* (tenderness) he told me that it was all right and if I wanted to wait he would fill the prescription at once. With *presto* boldness the druggist soon finished the item. *Cantabile* (in a singing manner) I paid him and left. Once outside I felt *maestose* (majestically) as though I had just saved a life.

To show how proud I was I even stopped in front of a show window and adjusted my tie and *laga-toed* my hair. It was a very good thing that I had just done this, for an *intonation* was sounded behind me, and I turned *adagio* (easily). There, in front of my eyes, was a beautiful woman. As she drew near, the sound of her heels clicking against the pavement were *crescendo molto* (becoming louder) and the *con fuoco* in my heart string, was plucking a soft melody. The expression on her face was of great timbre, which

## Settle Back And Cachinnate (Hard C)

One fourth grader, when asked to tell about what went on in the ancient pyramids, said, "Well, Mr. Wills, they put clothing and jewelry in them—in fact, anything that's scared." The dear child, as Bob tells us, meant sacred.

Another fourth grader from the same class asked if their student teacher would empire a game. He was a high minded individual.

Danny Elliott was explaining about a gale to his class the other day. When he asked what they thought it might be one little girl said "a gale is a lock, Mr. Elliott".

Betty James's eighth grade was arranging an imaginary colonial living room. They had placed every bit of furniture but the love seat and they decided to put that in front of a window. One serious student's comment was, "Miss James, you don't really want a love seat in front of the window, do you?" (Dr. Caruthers laughed too).

Howard Tyndall's junior high class has been studying about Medieval Europe. They were asked to write a play about it for follow up work. One little girl, appropriately dubbed Mrs. Malaprop, wrote of one Sir Lance a Lot. In the same class, when asked what was a moat. Mr. Tyndall naively said, "goldfish, son!"

While the second grade was having a reading lesson one student claimed he didn't know the word "Information." Miss Hutton asked one of the other students to help him. His reply as, "That's what they say in the Army — In Formation!"

NOTE UNDERCLASSMEN: A strong current of air. Velocity 25-75 m.p.h.

would make any man fall flat on his face. Quickly *con amore* (with tenderness) I *scherzando* (jestingly) whistled a wolf call. She turned gracefully as if to say, "Who are you?", then without a word I turned and continued my way. I began to sing *piano* (softly) trying to forget the burning of my ears. I stopped and got on a scale to weigh myself. This done, I continued on my way. The girl was now far away and I felt much better, for when she looked at me, I felt as though I had a *double-flat* with a *bar* across our path. Lying on the side walk was a small paper which looked like a letter with the wind *stringendo* (hastening) it along with a *ritardando* (growing slower and slower) motion, I picked up the paper and found that it was a *largo* (stately) letter. I began to read it, and I discovered that I must have read the letter *pin forte* (more loudly) than I had intended, for the passers-by stopped and looked at me questioningly, so I finished reading *piu piano* (more softly). I discovered the letter was written *con brio* (with brilliance) and *con passione* (with passion), for it was a love letter to some unknown girl, first called Betty, then later in the letter called Dot. I judged that she was *enharmonic*. There was a *shrill* whistle blast in a *triple* which meant that it was five o'clock and I should start on my way home.

There is one thing to remember Every Good Boy Deserves Fun, but now at the age of 80 years, I am *morendo* (gradually dying away).